How ſmart a laſh that ſpeech doth give my conſcience?
The harlots cheeke beautied with plaſtring art,
Is not more ugly to the thing that helpes it,
Than is my deed to my moſt painted word:
O heavie burden! *Enter Hamlet.*

Pol. I heare him comming, withdraw my Lord.

Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the queſtion,
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to ſuffer
The ſlings and arrowes of outragious fortune,
Or to take armes againſt a ſea of troubles,
And by oppoſing end them: To dye to ſleepe
No more; and by a ſleepe to ſay we end
The heart-ake, and the thouſand naturall ſhockes
That fleſh is heire to; 'tis a conſummation
Devoutly to be wiſht, to dye to ſleepe,
To ſleep perchance to dreame, I there's the rub,
For in that ſleep of death what dreames may come,
When we have ſhuffled off this mortall coyle
Muſt give us pauſe, there's the reſpect
That makes calamity of ſo long life:
For who would beare the whips and ſcornes of time,
Th'oppreſſors wrong, the proud mans contumely,
The pangs of deſpiſed love, and the Lawes delay,
The inſolence of office, and the ſpurnes
That patient merit of th'unworthy takes,
When as himſelfe might his *Quietus* make
With a bare bodkin? who would fardels beare,
To grunt and ſweat under a weary life?
But that the dread of ſomething after death,
The undiſcover'd Countrey, from whoſe borne
No traveller returnes, puzzels the will
And makes us rather beare thoſe ills we have,
Than flye to others that we know not of.
Thus conſcience does make cowards,
And thus the native hiew of reſolution
Is ſicklied ore with the pale caſt of thought:
And enterpriſes of great pitch and moment,
With this regard their currents turne awry,

And

And loſe the name of action.
The faire *Ophelia*, Nimph in
Be all my ſins remembred?
Ophel. Good my Lord,
How does your honour for th
Ham. I humbly thanke yo
Ophel. My Lord I have re
That I have longed long to re
I pray you now receive them
Ham. No, not I, I never g
Ophel. My honour'd Lord
And with them words of ſo
As made theſe things more
Take theſe againe: for to the
Rich gifts waxe poore when
There my Lord.
Ham. Ha, ha, are you ho
Ophel. My Lord.
Ham. Are you faire?
Ophel. What meanes yo
Ham. That if you bee h
diſcourſe to your beauty.
Ophel. Could beauty m
Than with honeſtie.
Ham. I truly, for the p
honeſtie from what it is to
tranſlate beauty to his like
but now the time gives it
Ophel. Indeed my Lor
Ham. You ſhould not
evacuate our old ſtocke bu
Ophel. I was the more
Ham. Get thee a Nunn
ners? I am my ſelfe indif
of ſuch things, that it wer
am very proud, revengefu
beck than I have thought
ſhape, or time to act the